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Music Maker

**music**

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

The Music is many things. Dreams. Nightmares. Hopes. Faith. Terror.

I am Evangeline. I am the Music Maker.

It all started when I was eight and my Grandma bought me an antique recorder. As soon as I touched it, Music started to form. Not out loud. In my head. You see, I was born to music and from it. Both of my parents were professional musicians and my mom was a singer. She could persuade you do anything with just one note of her angelic voice. When she went into labor, she didn't cry or scream. She sang. She sang her heart out and gave her music to me. That is how it works. But I will never give mine up.

Not ever.

Chapter 2 by Dan_K



But that day, that one, perfect day, it changed.

The man pulled me off the sidewalk into the alleyway. I was only walking to school. I didn't want

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I've had so many ways to sing, but I've never been able to sing the way I wanted to sing. I've always been told that I

decided to sing now. Of course,

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Every day I wake up with a song in my head and I ask what the theme of the day

"It started out so well (The first line of "Save Me")" I sang. The man stopped pulling me farther into the alley. He stood there motionless at the sound of my voice. I decided to continue.

"Said we made a perfect pair" I sang. The interrogator looked into my eyes.

I kept on singing. I looked into his eyes. I finished the song, staring at him. Something about him; just captivated me. I wasn't in love. But it felt right. He seemed like one of me. A Music Maker.

"I knew it. Come with me." His tender, perfect voice said.

"But why?" I asked.

"I am a Music Maker. We are slowly being taken down by the government. Every heard of Hitler and his hatred of the Jews? They are doing that to us. If no one joins the resistance with us, then the Music Makers are done for."

"Where do I sign up?" I asked.

Chapter 3 by MineTimelapser



The room was dark and cold. The sound of nothing echoed through the hall. Strangely enough, it was comforting. Melodies were spooking through my head. They made me think of the past. I love music. I breathe music.

I am music.

His warm voice pulled me out of my daydream.

"Let's go." He said.

"Where are we going?" I asked. "And... What are we going to do?"

"Be patient." He said. "Just relax, it will be over soon."

We walked through the heavy door we used to enter the abandoned hall and went inside the car parked outside.

I have never been called that.

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The music that sang and danced around me was not merely in my head like it was all the times before, it was in the air. It was the air. It filled the car suddenly, a thrumming that filled my lungs.

The man seemed unaffected, only glancing over and smiling before turning back to the road, his smile wavering before dropping completely.

My eyes had become unfocused in my attention to the magnificent sounds, but at this, I cast my sight ahead of the car, where I saw trucks upon trucks of people blocking off a tunnel entrance. Who these peoples were and how they knew we were here was unknown to me, I did know, however, that it was us that they were after.

A man in a suit exited the car, shouting at us in a foreign tongue. His voice was just audible and it sounded rough and angry -nothing like the smooth voices of the Music Makers to which I had grown accustomed.

The man told me, in a calm, low voice, to stay put. I listened, feeling frightened and small suddenly, the music a hushed hum.

Only moments after exiting the car, the man, someone I could've called an ally -a friend, even, raised his hands in peace and opened his mouth, only to be shot.

His blood sprayed across the windshield and my breath caught in my throat, my eyes widening as bile rose in my throat.

The music had become frantic, as if mirroring my heartbeat. There was a constant beat, a fast-paced tattoo accompanied by what sounded like a shrill violin.

The man was shouting again and I shrank back in my seat, my breath coming fast and shallow. I was supposed to be in school, in math class, dozing off to the sound of piano as my teacher droned on.

Chapter 5 by



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where the other factor of my Music came from, being able to come up with beautiful melodies in perfect pitch.

I concentrated as hard as I could and tried to channel the music I was feeling into the air around me. I have never tried this before, but if I were to make my Music audible to the Non-Hearers around me...

The trucks instantly fell over from the blast of out-of-tune violin I was feeling, crushing the people under. Sick, a new power to come along with my Music. I didn't feel guilty at all, for my new friend has also perished in this encounter.

I felt a weird sensation flow over my body, as if a comfortable, golden wave of bittersweet tranquility was holding me. I didn't even notice I started singing due to my shock of the recent events. I also didn't notice the small and soft hums of instruments I knew well started to play out, my voice carrying out the warm tone and leading the chorus of a cord. It was a certain warm-up my mom led her ensemble when they first started practicing, and I always enjoyed how it sounded in a large cathedral when they had performances.

I was singing it in honor of the death of my savior.

Suddenly, another car pulled up next to ours, and I felt a small chill of fear run through my chest. The chord took a minor turn, growing more piano as a figure stepped out of the car and slammed it shut. I started panicking, then hyperventilating. Oh God, what was I doing! I was singing in a car for Pete's sake, with a dead body next to the open driver's door and a bunch others under the trucks of bad guys trying to stop me! The world seemed to grow thin as I frantically attempted to call to my bearings, but I failed to do so. Before passing out, I remember the figure opening my passenger door with a surprised face.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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